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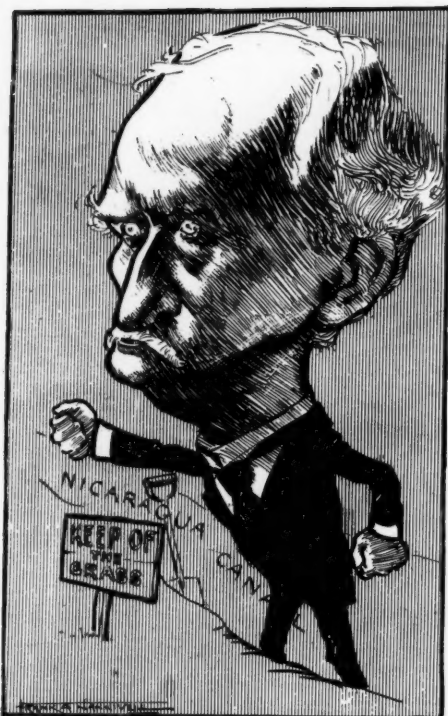
PRICE TEN CENTS.



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE SUMMER VERSION OF "PAY! PAY!! PAY!!!"



PUCKOGRAPHS.—No. 107.
A SENATOR WHO SCENTS TROUBLE FROM AFAR.

HIS RECORD.

"What do you think of Lieutenant Blow's war record?"

"Well; according to his own version of it, he was killed at San Juan Hill and Iloilo, died of fever in three different localities, was captured and executed twice by the insurgents, was drowned while swimming the Bag-bag, and would have pulled off the capture of Aguinaldo if Funston had n't beaten him to it; and now he only asks for one pension."

VERSATILE.

EZRA.—The editor of the *Hustler* is a wonderfully talented man.

JEPHTHA.—You bet he is! Why, he writes all the local news, sets his own type, washes his rollers, and I understand that he writes all them articles in his paper that are signed "Constant Reader."

PRUDENT.

"They say he was a shrewd Wall Street operator."

"Shrewd enough to quit."

IF JAPAN and Russia were as warlike as Park Row, the irrepressible conflict would have broken out long ago.

HAD AN APPETITE.

HIS WIFE.—I think there's a place where they give you samples of cooked food free of charge.

HE.—Is that so? I feel hungry enough to spend about an hour and a half in that department.

IT DEPENDS.

THREE kings cold
Are jolly to hold
And conducive to inward glee,
Tho' their holder may frown
As the draw is doled
And appear as glum can be.

But tho' three kings cold,
Looking merry and bold,
Are a very elating three,
The looks on their faces
When meeting three aces
Would never be taken for glee.

ONE AGAINST THE HORSE.

"There's one good thing about an automobile."

"What's that?"

"It does n't try to run up to every watering-fountain it comes to."

AS TO THE CATCHER.

"Cool player! Great presence of mind!"

"That's right. He never forgets that the umpire can fine him ten dollars."

IT IS a particularly long Lovers' Lane that has no turning.

THE BOER motto seems to be: "United we stand, but divided we keep them guessing."

CONCERNING good and bad Trusts there are not lacking people who think that a good Trust is like a good Indian.



CONCLUSIVE.

SHE.—Are you sure you love me?

HE.—Sure? Why, I never had any agony in my life that made me so happy!



A PROUD PAPA.

MRS. NEWKID (*reprovingly*).—George, I wish you would n't keep calling the baby "it."
MR. NEWKID (*gleefully*).—Well, if he is n't "It" just now, I don't know who is!

SUPPRESSING HIM.

"Willy," began the deaf-mute, in the sign language, of course, after his youngest had just signalled his twenty-seventh question, "children should be heard and not seen."



HIS DISCOURAGING VIEW.

HE.—A man should marry a woman of about his own age.
SHE.—You—a—really think so?
HE.—Yes; but he ought to do it when he's young or not at all.

MODERN.

OWNER OF SUMMER HOTEL.—Just what do you mean by modern accessories?

PROSPECTIVE LESSEE.—Well, for instance, an electric attachment for all the outside doors, so that a man can't leave with a dollar in his pocket without ringing an alarm bell in the office.

JUST SO.

MRS. HOON.—Why are people who get married often called the "contracting parties?"

MR. HOON.—I don't know about the bride, but think how small the groom usually looks!

THEIR WAY.

FARMER HONK.—What sort of people are your city relatives that are visitin' up at your house, 'Gustus?

FARMER BENTBACK (*grimly*).—Aw! They're the kind that when they pay ye a visit act like they wanted a receipt for it.

A USEFUL ANIMAL.

THE LION (*before the game*).—We'd better toss up to see who goes to bat first.

THE ELEPHANT (*picking up monkey and tossing it in the air*).—What do you say—head or tail?



FOR INSTANCE.

"You'd see a good many things in the East that would astonish you."
"I suppose so. Some of 'em come West!"

GENERALSHIP AT THE WILD ANIMAL RACE.

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I.
It looked on the homestretch as if Reynard would win by a nose —

THE COUNTRY.

LOVE THE country. All of our pushing, aggressive great men come from the country, and leave it pleasant.

I would rather see a big, auburn pumpkin shining in the corn-stubble than an auburn picture by Titian. I would rather see a procession of fool turkey gobblers gobbling grasshoppers off the grass than a political parade. I love intelligence. I think a valiant old oak, sending its great untroubled branches up towards the untroubled sky, is a finer sight than a plaid office building marked *Desirable Offices to Rent*. Better than a lawn I

like a meadow, and better than an aquarium I like a loitering, unnamed brook, with some cheap fish sneaking about in it. Better than a noisy city park, with its little trees and big flowers, I like Uncle Judson's silent woods where the trees are very big and the flowers are very little.

Some people think the country sad and melancholy, and it is true there are days in the country which lack blitheness. Such are days of Autumn, when from morning to night gray clouds pass over the sky in ragged armies; when the wind grieves over the empty fields where late it played with wheat and corn, and comes crying up the lanes, around the barns and stacks. The wind takes things very hard, and when it comes crying and moaning and kicking about the vanished Summer, it may indeed chance with a sympathetic soul that he will recollect some old days to grieve about himself.



II.
But, as a matter of fact, clever Bunny won by two ears.

When you are first marooned in the country it will occur to you, with awful vividness, that if you should fall mortally ill

no doctor could be reached. Immediately your system, which has been eating apples and enjoying itself, will become stampeded; you will imagine yourself beset by frightful ills. Lucky, then, if you are a Scientist. In that case you can cure your false teeth of aching, and swap illusions with yourself until you get one to suit.

It is certainly a bad sign to want anything in the country. If you want some collars you will get a weird pattern that you remember having seen in a former life. If you want tobacco you will get tan bark and molasses. If you ask the storekeeper for writing paper he will gracefully hand out one sheet of paper and one envelope. The paper will be the blue-lined note, which was a new wrinkle in the Egyptian court when the populace was still writing love-letters on bricks. If you want anything else (except, of course, rubber boots, pearl



AS TO THE OLD TRAVELER.

"He knows Europe like a guide book."

"Yes; but when one is tired of a guide book one can shut it up without hurting its feelings."

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cuff-buttons, hickory dress shirts and Mastodon overalls) you will not get it at all. The giant city stores have sapped and filched away the country's trade. Oh, for the old seething days! Then the storekeepers never had anything, but they would always say they were just out and would send for more. Esculapius was once in the country when his father's hired man, broken-hearted that it did not rain in harvest, tried to kill himself by eating toadstools. Esculapius ran a horse to the country store, and, rushing in, cried: "A pound of antidote!" "We are just out," replied the storekeeper, "but will send. What did you say you wanted?" "If you have to order," said E., "order a mossy marble; it will get here late, but it's the best we can do." Alas for the hired man! He sought death by eating toadstools, but made the usual fatal mistake—got mushrooms—and had to go to work in the afternoon.

Shakspeare liked the country as it is. He had many poetic conceits about the flowers and meads and one thing another, but now it is perceived that to make it a place of delight the country must have rural free delivery. The idea of rural free delivery is this: If in the country there is a neighborhood which does not raise its crops by correspondence, anyway; and if in this neighborhood somebody is going to town every day, and bringing back everybody's mail, anyway; and if the neighborhood would not give a red sou for any further mail service, anyway, why that is the neighborhood which should be graciously granted rural free delivery, and which, with the rest of the neighborhood, should be taxed good and plenty to pay for it. Politicians shower many blessings about them, asking nothing of the people, meanwhile, except the money to do it with, and enough more to cover grafts, perquisites and pay-rolls.

A beautiful thing about the country is that no one knows what time it is. They do not even know what time it will be. Excepting the hired man, no one cares. Is it not strange that amidst the general indifference, the hired man, like the rapt and world-free astronomer, maintains his constant interest in the exact admeasurement of



MORE LIKE IT.

MRS. KLUBMANN.—What's the dinner to cost, Jack?
MR. KLUBMANN.—Ten dollars a plate, my dear.
MRS. KLUBMANN.—You mean a bottle, don't you?

time? You can tell a hired man in the country by the ease and finish with which he traverses his head upon his neck in taking observations of the sun. Of course the people keep clocks and wind them, and all that, but it is a mere empty form and ritual. They eat when meals are ready, go to bed when they prefer it to staying up, and when it comes to nice calculations of time in taking the Podville Accommodation, they simply pull themselves out of bed at the dearest hour of the night, feed the horses by lantern-light, get a bully hot breakfast, hoist in the trunks, grab a valise, kiss everybody all around and ride away, hollering back good-by in the twilight.

NOTHING NEW.

THE HOG (*with paper*).—Well! Well! Wonders will never cease! Human beings are now taking mud baths.

THE GOBBLER (*the last of his flock*).—It is n't at all uncommon for human beings to make hogs of themselves.

A BIG THROW.

MOSE LITTLETON.—Dat big Jim Jackson's no gen'man.

ERASTUS RAZZERLEY.—No? How's dat?

MOSE LITTLETON.—I dropped in his place las' night an' perposed shakin' dice fo' a quatah a co'nah. Well, de very fust flop I frowed five aces.

ERASTUS RAZZERLEY.—Golly! What did Jim frow?

MOSE LITTLETON.—He frowed de dice out de winder an' me out de doah.

PRUDENCE counts the odds while Courage starts in to reduce them.



A PREMATURE INQUIRY.

"He loves me—loves me not—he loves—"
"Do you really b'lieve in it?"
"Wait till I see how it comes out."



THE EFFECT ON UNCLE JOSH.

PEDDLER.—Strawberries! Fifteen cents a quart!
UNCLE JOSH.—Gosh! Sich a price! I dunno as I'll ever be able to eat 'em ag'in without feelin' extravagant!

GOIN' FISHIN'.



It is all a-quiver
In de sumac groun';
So hot dat de river
Doan mek a soun'.
Ih 'll git out mah fishin' pole,
Git out mah line;
Know a cool fishin' hole
Whar fishin' 's fine!

Jes' ter fish
En ter wish
Dat Ih hed lots er time
Ter keep a-fishin'
En a-wishin'
W'en de fishin' 's prime!

Ih 'll drap in de milyun patch
Fotch one erlong;
So'y dat mah cabin thatch
En farm 's goin' wrong;
So'y dat mah craps en fences
Are fallin' down;
But mah season sho' commences
Pas' de sumac groun'!

Jes' ter fish
En ter wish
Dat Ih hed lots er time
Ter keep a-fishin'
En a-wishin'
W'en de fishin' 's prime!

Peter T. Shevlin.



EVIDENTLY EXPERIENCED.

MR. HOON.—I am convinced that the groom at last night's wedding was either a widower or a bigamist.

MRS. HOON.—Good gracious! What makes you think so?

MR. HOON.—Why, did n't you notice that he looked neither scared nor sneaking during the ceremony?

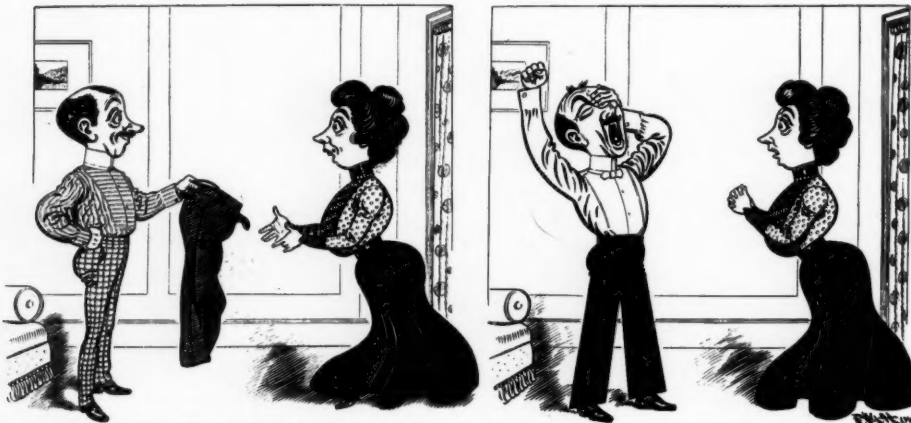
SUBURBAN LIFE EXPOSED.

NEW SUBURBANITE (*in protest*).—But I bought a ticket to a concert only last month to raise money for uniforms for the fire company!

SUBURBAN TICKET SOLICITOR.—But we 've got a new member and this concert is to buy a new uniform for him!

ABOUT THE only way you can influence most people is to agree with them.

A DOMESTIC TAILOR.



MR. JAYSON.—Mary, I have to go out in an hour, and my full-dress trousers are all out of shape. Could n't you press them for me and have them by the time I am ready to put them on?
MRS. JAYSON.—Certainly, I can, dear!
MR. JAYSON.—All right! Be sure to put hard, strong creases in them.

MRS. JAYSON (*having finished the job, and JAYSON puts them on*).—What is the matter, dear? Are n't those creases hard and strong enough?
MR. JAYSON (*despairingly*).—Oh, Lord! And I have to go out in five minutes!

ANOTHER EFFECT.

"You know, practice makes perfect."

"I know; but it also makes one tired."

A DULL PROGRAMME.

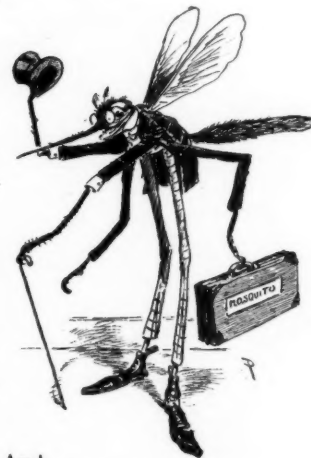
AUNTIE.—Don't you want to go to heaven?

JOHNNY.—I don't know. I think it must be a place where people spend their time behaving themselves.

HIGH PRAISE.

FIRST MOSQUITO.—I 'm going to the Tiptop Hotel. Fine house!

SECOND MOSQUITO.—Yes, indeed! I spent last Summer there. Never had better meals in my life!



A WHOPPER.

JAY GREEN.—I-golly! That 'ere circus that 's comin' to Pettyville week after next must be a rip-snorter for size!

ABNER APPLEDRY.—Aw! They all claim to be the biggest on earth.

JAY GREEN.—Yes; but the feller that pasted them bills on our shed offered to bet me five hundred dollars that their main tent is so big that four different kinds of weather prevail in it at once.

SOMETIMES IT is necessary to choose between the disgrace of dying rich and the disgrace of seeming to be an easy mark.



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

OUR DEBT TO

"RAG-TIME."

A RESOLUTION of the American Federation of Musicians the other day called attention to a reform sorely needed these many years, and to a modest agent that has done much to promote it. The resolution itself denoted a spirit blind to the need of and wholly inimical to this reform. But, like all reactionaries, the American Federation of Musicians will be swept on with the current after a vain struggle to breast it. This organization with its attempt to abolish "rag-time" music, and its denunciations thereof as "unmusical rot" and "musical trash," will some day be looked back upon with that amused pity which the fanatic opponents of progress have ever incurred after due time. For let us declare at once that the school of song known as "rag-time" is an agent of spiritual grace so potent that all pessimism and false doctrine must soon or late succumb to it. And by "rag-time" we mean not only the musical device of syn-copation, but the "coon song" with which we find it most commonly associated. The classic composers have written "rag-time" music, but the "rag-time" songs, those buoyant, virile, joyous sagas of life, love, war and the hazards of fortune, are a later growth; and in the sanity of their realism do we rest.

Let us consider what we have suffered. Let us explore the dismal, darkened, bat-infected catacombs of the sentimental ballad. Their mouldy walls are festooned unbrokenly with the bleached bones of dead loves and dead hopes,—with gloom, anguish and despair. The ways run ankle-deep with bitterest tears for lost loved-ones, and the corridors echo weirdly with moans, wails and lamentations. We never could make out why the song-writer since about 1830 has had to be so low in his mind. The nearest he has ever been able to approach anything like joy is to "dream." He may "dream" in fairly decent comfort for a verse or two, but he never omits to wake up and burst into tears again before he finishes, insisting specifically that "it was all a dream" and "Alas! my heart! it was not so to be!" Even when song-writers "sit alone and muse" it is only to have their souls massaged by the hand of grief. They recall "one that is no more" and they get worked up so they can almost "feel the touch of her hand" and "thrill to the tones of a voice long still," but they take good care in the end to show their utter despair. Venturing beyond their personal woe, they are still damp and heartrending. They love to take a fair young girl off right in the springtime when everything else is joyous, and to bury her 'neath the old apple-tree. And as for babies, a song-writer of the old school never can see a baby without wanting to kill it off, just to set its mother weeping over its little shoes or its empty cradle. Anyone with babies ought to feel squeamish about letting a song-writer come onto the place. He just has to kill some one so the tenor may put tears into the high notes;—for these are all tenor songs.

Yet the bass and baritone are no better. We can't imagine a bass warbling about the "little empty cradle," but he can be "the storm-fiend," send many a gallant ship to the bottom and drown all the good sailor-men he wants to; or he can be "the old sexton" and "gather them in" in a nice melodious graveyard. Nor are these the saddest songs. As if divining the general infestivity of his work, the song-writer now and then makes a desperate gasp to be real gay.

He will "sing merrily, tra la la!" without the least sign of any good reason for it, or he may wax suddenly bibulous. One may frequently observe a quartette of entirely respectable-looking men stand with their heads together and, with forced leers of intoxication, sing they "would that the ocean were wavelets of sparkling champagne,—champagne!" Nothing reasonable about them, you see. Not a magnum—not even a case of quarts—but an ocean of the stuff. And it's all the while so plain that not one of the four really wants anything more enlivening than throat-spray.

When the song-writer is uncommonly desperate he turns out a "laughing song." This is invariably awful. He will "laugh gayly, ha! ha! ha!" until he has produced a fog of gloom to which his most pathetic effort would be unequal. Sung as it usually is, there is hardly a dry eye in the house after a laughing-song. Hardened listeners—people who can sit unmoved through the agonizing separations of lovers and the deaths of little blue-eyed babes—will break down and sob bitterly in the midst of a laughing-song.

Look over the lachrymatory "Casket of Household Melodies" and observe the truth of all this. See how we had to soak in the nether depths of grief until the "coon-song" came, bringing the wholesome realism that is to succeed this morbid, romanticism! Now we have the golden mean of actual life with its fair symmetry of sad and gay. You will find none of the "Alas! my heart! it was not thus to be!" spirit in the "coon-song." On the contrary it *was* to be, and *is* to be; and if it is n't to-day you can be sure it's going to be to-morrow, or the "coon" will know the reason why—even if it takes some cutting to find out;—although with all their reckless talk of razors, we never knew any one to be fatally injured in a "coon-song"—and think of all those dead babies and dead young girls! And, as to their art, there is more actual genius in two or three "coon-songs" we know of than in two or three high-selling historical novels we might name. Let us then welcome this song, with its "rag-time" that imperiously compels our sense of rhythm and its words that cunningly coax our optimism. It has begun the severance of our bonds to the drearily moping ballad of yesterday with its piteous repinings, its cark and dole and its encouragements to suicide.



A SAFE ESCORT.

CZAR OF RUSSIA.—You mean to tell me the American President travels with no protection whatever?

CAPTAIN OF BODY GUARD.—Oh, no! He is protected by the whole seventy-five million people!



LET THE FOREIGN
UNCLE SAM (to protesting rivals).—WHAT ARE



FOREIGNER RAGE!
—WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?



FURTHER PROOF.

THE MUSIC TEACHER.—Just think! That opera was rejected by twenty managers.

PUPIL.—Well, its success proves that managers are not infallible.

THE MUSIC TEACHER.—Indeed, they are not! I have had an opera rejected by fifteen!

A JUVENILE COMPARISON.

MY UNCLE GEORGE, who 's traveled lots
And seen 'most every land,
Was telling me how grand it felt
On battle fields to stand
And see the spot where armies fought
A century ago,
Or sit where Romans sat 'way back
A thousand years or so.
I know, though, how it seems all right,
For I felt just that way
When walking where the circus tents
Had been the other day.

I stepped inside the sawdust ring
And stood on top the mound;
It seemed as though I 'most could see
The riders going 'round.

You bet 't was fine to jump about
Where just the night before
The clowns had fought with boxing gloves
And made the people roar.
My Uncle George can talk a heap
Of battle fields and such,
But placed beside a circus field,
They don't amount to much.

Harry Hamilton.



FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

REUBEN RESTANRUST.—Seth Tuttle's old hound has got six pups.

SAMUEL SITANWHITTLE.—That so? Good fer Seth! I 'm glad ter hear it! Seth has been feelin' so blue since his wheat crop failed and his pigs all died from cholera! But, as the good book says, "the righteous hardly ever git forsaken," and "man's necessity is God's opportunity."

HIS PA EXPLAINS.

BOBBY.—Pa, when does a man get too old to learn?

FATHER.—When he gets too old to marry, my son.

TIME FOR A CHANGE.

HAWKINS.—What do you think of the saloon in politics?

ROBBINS.—I think it is in mighty bad company.

WHY HE FAIRLY FLEW.

FIRST CARRIER-PIGEON.—I once flew a hundred miles in an hour.

SECOND CARRIER-PIGEON.—Huh! You're a disgrace to the profession!

FIRST CARRIER-PIGEON.—Well, I 'd rather be that than a meal for a hawk.

How it would simplify matters if there were but one way of being good!

To be engaged gives a young man a feeling of great importance, but when the wedding comes he finds that he is merely the bridegroom.



HE MURMURS.

"I tell you it's no picnic to get ready for a picnic and have it postponed on account of the weather!"



THE SADDEST STORY EVER TOLD.

THE TRAMP (between mouthfuls).—I wuz wunst a wealt'y married man, Mum, but I am penniless now.

KIND LADY.—You poor unfortunate man! Why did n't you put your fortune in your wife's name?

THE TRAMP.—I did, —an' she learned ter play bridge whist.

A Glimpse Into the Future

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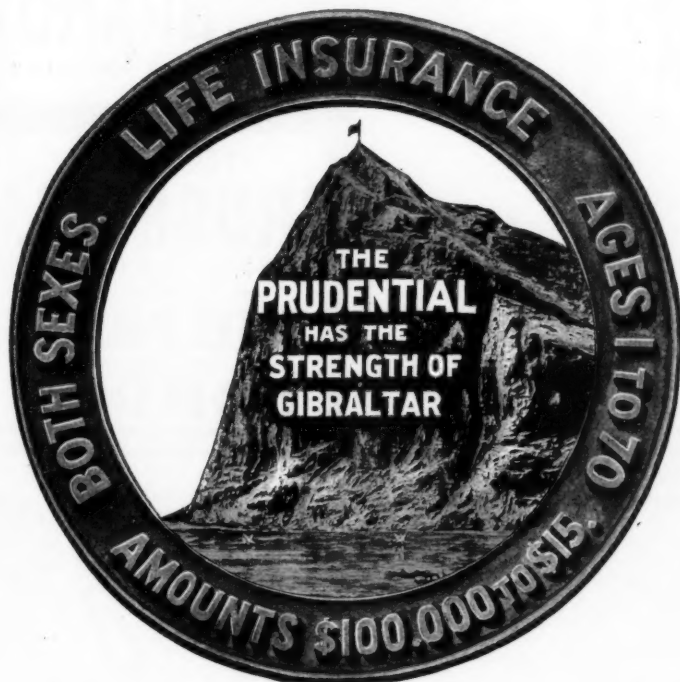
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—*Ram's Horn*.

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"I did," answered Senator Sorghum. "I was afraid for a little while that I would not be able to buy any stock in it."
—*Washington Star*.

THE MAN who coins his conscience into cash will never make a percentage large enough to buy it back. —*Ram's Horn*

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SHARP wits often cut themselves. —*Ram's Horn*.

REDD. — You remember Brassy, the golf-player, when he died, left a request that he be buried on the links, and that his grave be built up as a bunker.

GREENE. — The idea! Just as if he had n't made enough trouble for people while alive! —*Yonkers Statesman*.



QUITE POSSIBLE.

"Is n't that May on a wheel? I supposed she had no use for anything but an automobile."
"Why, one can ride a wheel and talk automobile!"

You can face the work of life with a new determination when you feel full of energy. Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters create energy.

A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases every one.

FRONT ROW. — No; the Belgian hare can not be grafted onto bald heads. —*Washington Post*.

A MAN who knows the people is very careful about trying to fool them. —*Atchison Globe*.

INDIGESTION has contributed more spots to the sun than any other cause. —*Ram's Horn*.

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LONG prayers are not always tall ones. —*Ram's Horn*.

THE un-Carnegied municipalities of the country naturally have hopes. —*Washington Post*.

NATURE has done a lot for woman, but there are eleven mixed drinks that were invented to heal a man's broken heart. —*Detroit Free Press*.

THAT GREAT ARMY.

All idle men of every kind Might soon be worth their salt, Could they but good employment find As well as they find fault.
—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"You never can tell what's in store for you," says the Billville Banner. "We boarded a train once just for a pleasure ride; but had the good fortune to have one of our legs cut off, for which we received \$2,000 from the road." —*Atlanta Constitution*.

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—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

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SHE.—What was the result?

HE.—Did you hear any noise while I was in there?

SHE.—Gracious! I should think so!

HE.—Well, I suppose you've heard that silence gives consent?—*Yonkers Statesman.*



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"I suppose people around here raise their own vegetables?"
"Some do; others merely plant them."

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How It Helped Him.

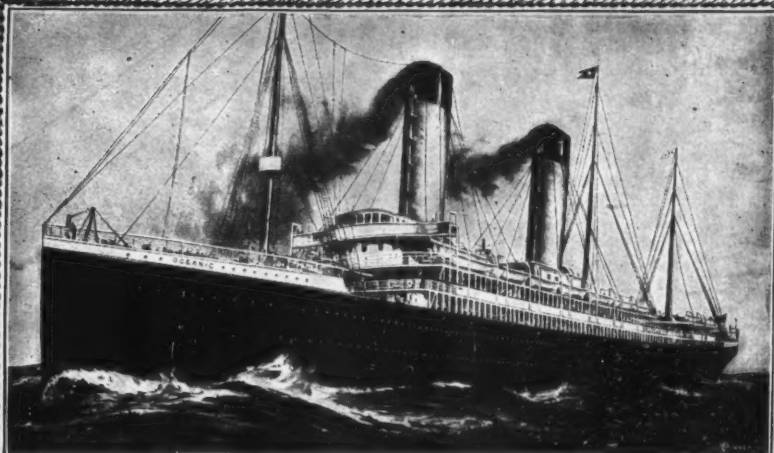
Before the cyclone came along
He owed a full month's rent;
It moved him sixty miles; and now
He does n't owe a cent!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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Glastonbury, Conn.

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MRS. HAYSEED.—I want a pair of shoes, good and stout.
POLITE CLERK.—Yes, Ma'am. Here is something very nice;—it has been worn a great deal this Winter—
MRS. HAYSEED.—Sakes alive, man! Is this a second-hand shoe-store?—
Columbia Jester.

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"The embodiment of tone and art."
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Atchison Globe.

"Two ob de tiresomest sights on dis yearf," said Uncle Eben, "is a pore man pertendin' to be rich an' a rich man pertendin' to be pore."—
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HER PREFERENCE.
"The mistress tells me all her secrets."
"Well, you don't object to that?"
"Oh! I don't know. I think I'd rather find them out!"

As an appetizer and general tonic, mix quarter wine-glass *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters*, fill with iced-water, add teaspoonful sugar.

BALAM'S ASS is no argument for the inspiration of all its kind.—*Ram's Horn.*

Milo
CIGARETTES



AFTER a young man has called on a girl as often as three times, she begins to beg her mother for a half dollar to go and have her fortune told.—*Atchison Globe.*

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VISITOR.—Poor fellow! What drove
him insane?

GUARD.—He's a magazine poet,
and was all right until he tried to make
Carnegie rhyme with library.—*Norris-
town Herald.*


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PENALTY.

"Agualdo seems to be taking it easier
since his capture than he did before."
"Yes," answered the soldier who has
a revengeful spirit. "But his time will
come. You wait until he gets to having
applications for his autograph and in-
vitations for indigestible lunches shower
in upon him."—*Washington Star*.



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SIGHTSEEING AT NIAGARA.

CASEY.—There's th' big power-house yez moight have hear-rd tell av.
KELLY.—An' phwat's it for?
CALEY.—Phwat's it for? Phwy, yez great ignoramus, yez, that's
phwere th' power comes from t' kape th' Falls supploied wid wather.

SOMETHING WRONG.

"Oh! He swore so!" sobbed the
young wife. "I think he must be
getting some terrible mental trouble.
Oh, my!"

"Tell me all about it," said her
mother, soothingly. "Did he really
swear?"

"Indeed he did; frightfully! It was
at the table. He had just started to eat
a nice dessert I had made for him,
when all of a sudden, for no apparent
reason, he jumped up and yelled:
'Jumping Jehosaphat! What the
deuce!'" — *Catholic Standard and
Times*.



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A LASTING GAME.

I hev watched 'em playin' checkers in the Summer, Fall an' Spring, Bill Boggs, Wes, Jones, Newt, Lane, Hi Smith, an' Jason Fox, I jing! I know 'em all jes' like a book, they 're players good an' strong! On 'special 'casions they 've been known t' play the whal night long. They gather at the grocery as regular as clocks On evenin's in Winter, an' they pick 'em out a box High enough t' lay the board on. Then wise-heads begin t' pore O'er the mystic game o' checkers there in Silas Johnson's store.

The board they play on 's worn so that the squares are dim, I swan! And the checker-men, er pieces, all their varnished beauty 's gone. Why, I 'll bet a million games hev on that faded board been played! No cricket ever made the jumps them checker-men 'ave made! Year in, year out, the same sized crowd 's been gatherin' of nights, An' movin' some, an' studyin' more, till Si put out the lights. The youngsters follow in the path their fathers trod before, An' keep that game o' checkers up in Silas Johnson's store.

I 've known o' folks a-movin' 'way, be gone may be fer years, An' when they 'd come back visitin' they 'd say t' me: "It 'pears Like nothin' looks jes' natural. All 's changed 'at once we knew, Except the store, — they 're doin' there jes' what they used t' do!" You could n't stop it if you 'd try; it 's jes' as much a part Of life 'round here as eatin', an' 'lots closer t' the heart! I reckon Gabriel's trump, when blown, will catch at least a score O' fellers playin' checkers there in Silas Johnson's store!

Roy Farrell Green.

